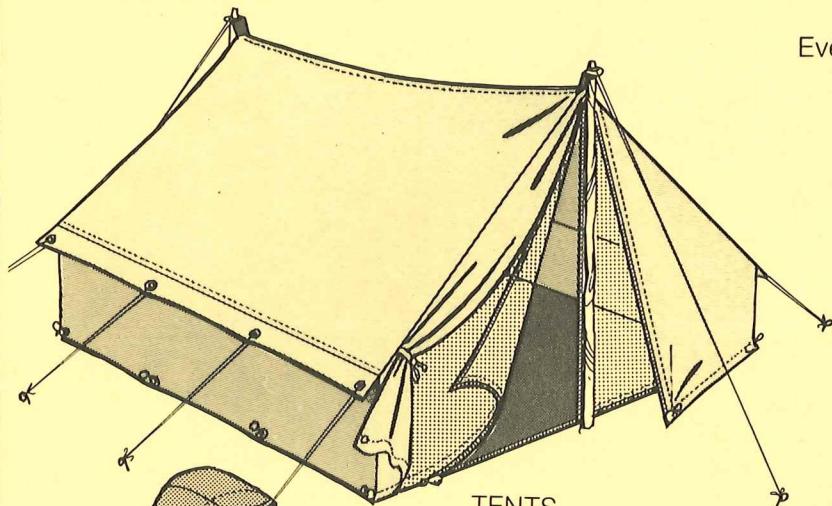


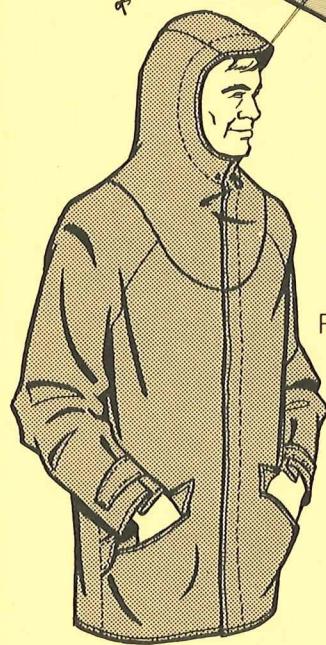


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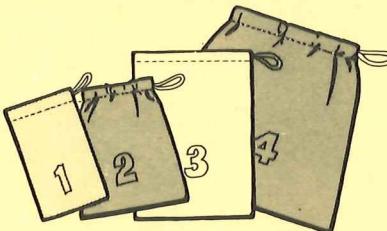
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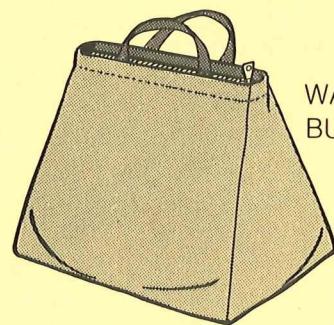
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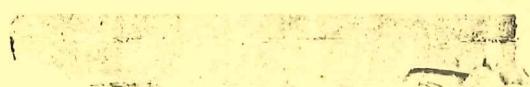
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S L O T H

Macquarie University Mountaineering Society,

November 1984

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Thanks must go to all who contributed and helped in the typing and compiling of this magazine.

1984 PRESIDENTS REPORT

No one has actually defined what a presidents report should be, though many have been written. The things they all seem to have in common are an air of melancholy and satisfaction, a ramble on the state of the club and a chance to reflect on what it was like as they walked their way through the years. (Presidents start off young and keen, to quote John Brameld "They called me the apprentice" and finish one degree later watching from the sidelines).

Clubs change, it's just their nature. When I joined M.M.S. I was the only 1st year to stick with it. Club enthusiasm and expertise weren't the best. I watched the club grow, in membership and the number and diversity of trips. This culminated in 1983 with a bumper year, a membership of over 80 people, trips to New Zealand and Tasmania, as well canoeing, climbing and cycling made a strong revival.

This year too was a success but, sadly M.M.S. has dropped back a little but all our activities are still strong, especially mountaineering, membership is still up and trips have gone away most weekends. Night meetings have not been as successful as they could have been. We had a lot of good lunchtime meetings and SLOTH seems to be well and truly back on its feet, and will surely celebrate the success of the beginners ski week and "Kanangra Rage" bush-music weekend destined to be a regular event.

I would like to say thanks to the committee for their help in keeping the club functioning, especially when I couldn't make day meetings. My thanks also to people who gave talks, showed slides and took trips away especially beginners trips with a turnover time of about 3 - 4 years. They are a vital commodity. Which reminds me, you don't have to be a student at Macquarie to belong to M.M.S., so stick with it!

Afterall this is your club, your the ones that make the trips exciting, the campfires entertaining and the disappointments - fond memories. Remember, if you put a bit into the club it can give you a lot back.

Go for it!!!

Mark Jones

TRIP DIRECTOR'S REPORT

Well the only decent trip I've had in the last twelve months was when this other bloke and I took some acid before doing a short walk up one of the mountains in the Flinders Ranges of S.A. We camped near the top, and the drugs kept us awake all night so we watched the stars.

But really, from a statistical point of view, the period from early March '83 to late Feb '84 saw a significant and encouraging increase in the number of recorded outings compared with previous years (see table 93). The greatest increase was in bushwalking, thanks in no small degree to the unbridled enthusiasm of our contingent from the Three Peaks Club, one of whom will undoubtedly put his predecessor to shame as trips director for '84-'85 (onya Rob!).

TABLE 93: Person-days per activity March '83 - Feb '84 and comparison with previous years.

	81	82	83
Bushwalking	206*	136	404
Canoeing/rafting	23	33	38
Canyoning	10	14	55
Cycling	42	8	20
Mountaineering	-	130	171
Rockclimbing	10	27	66
Ski-touring	46	270	162
Total	337	618	754

* duration of trip multiplied by number of participants.

You may have noticed that I referred to "recorded outings". The "recorded" bit means that the only way I know that a trip has been done is if I was handed a trip form by the trip organiser. The fact is, it may only look as if there were more trips last year because I spent so much time hassling people for trip forms.

You may think it sounds a bit bureaucratic and silly to obsessively prize a trip form from every unsuspecting trip organiser who I happen to have sussed. And, of course, you'd be perfectly correct in thinking this. However, there are unfortunately two reasons why this should be done. The first is that if a club can't produce evidence of it's activity, it will find getting sufficient funds from the Sports Association to be a rather dicey exercise.

The second reason is that if there isn't some information on the whereabouts of a party accessible to relatives and/or the trips director, trying to find the party if it gets lost will also be a rather dicey exercise.

Of course, ultimately the most important thing is that people go on trips (actually, the most important thing is that people have a fantastically good time, but seeing as this is the Mountaineering Club, the general assumption is that the means by which people have a fantastically good time is by going mountaineering) so get out there people, and be in harmony with your environment!

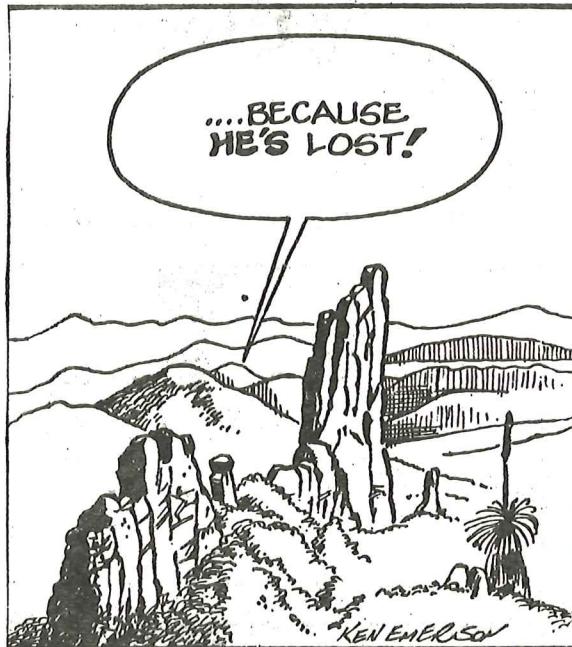
Peace.

Steve Moss.



THE WARRUM

BUNGLES



M.M.S. TREASURER'S REPORT 1983

1983 was quite a good year financially for M.M.S. Our M.U.S.A. budget allocation of 2.9% (\$903.15), an increase from 1982 (2.6%-\$).

The pattern prevalent for at least five years of M.M.S. spending more money than was collected continued in 1983. Deficits for these years have been: 1978 \$661.08; 1979 \$126.28; 1980 \$39.03; 1981 \$25.37; 1982 \$13.85; 1983 \$41.08.

The 1983 result was despite an increase in revenue from \$155.50 in 1982 to \$337.36 in 1983, a consequence of an increasing number of members who paid the higher fee of \$4.00. (it was \$2.50 in 1982).

Expenditure, however, exceeded revenue by \$41.08, largely because of an increase spending on: Administration and Sloth (up by \$65.74), functions (up by \$39.03), sundries (up by \$25.46), affiliation fees and subscriptions (up by \$51.66).

While there is no immediate danger, if M.M.S. is to avoid "going broke" in the future, this pattern of deficits must be reversed. I have proposed several measures to achieve this, and if implemented my target of raising our bank balance to \$180.00 by the end of 1984 and producing a healthy surplus should be successful. Our account balance on 31/12/83 was \$106.68.

The following is a Financial Statement for the calendar year 1983:

Account Balance as at 1/1/83	147.76
------------------------------	--------

Income from

Memberships (75 members x \$4 fee)	300.00
Interest	6.16
Sundries	31.10
	337.26

Expenditure on

Functions and trips	85.33
Administration and Sloth	73.24
Affiliations and Subscriptions	129.00
Equipment (not from MUSA money)	29.70
Sundry	61.07
	378.34
Net financial surplus/(Deficit)	41.08
ACCOUNT BALANCE AS AT 31/1/83	106.68

Evan Spughes

AN ANALYSIS OF ADVENTURE

An adventure can be defined as a series of risks undertaken deliberately in order to achieve that feeling of satisfaction which results from escaping the consequences of failure.

The laws of statistics apply to these risks, and if the series is undertaken blindly, many a disastrous failure will result. You can, however, so bias the odds in your favour that the risk is almost, but not completely, eliminated and satisfaction is maximised.

This happy state is achieved by practice which leads to the acquisition of both skill and experience. The skillful people achieve the greatest satisfaction (this has broad and general application).

If you are going to become skillful by practice, what do you practice? It doesn't matter as long as you're practice something in the same general class as the risks you are going to take. Learning theory tells us that the acquisition of one skill assists in the acquisition of the next skill, and so on: Rock-climbing makes you a better diver, bushwalking makes you a better skier, etc.

This compounding of skills leads to a final state of being skilled at acquiring skills. This is the state of being "experienced", meaning "he always knows what to do", whether or not he has been faced with the same problem before.

To illustrate, let me tell you of three adventure stories that happened to me, and involved Rick Higgins also.

Once at Frazer Park, south of Swansea, I met Rick by accident when both of us were touring in opposite directions. As we talked, overlooking the ocean, we became aware of a group of 20 - odd people looking into the sea off the rocks. We went down to see the huge fish we thought someone had caught, but saw instead a man drowning four feet below the silent watching people! In a second we were both in the water, in a minute he was up on the shore. We knew what to do - what about the rest of the people?

Another time, at the second Kalang Falls rescue, I led the rockclimbing section, with Rick in the front team. After checking the route out, at the crack of dawn, we conferred and radioed our E.T.A. at the Kanangra Road, 4.00 pm that day. This was a guess, based on intangible factors which we did not even discuss and was wrong by 15 minutes.

Finally, when we were leaving Balls Pyramid after making the first landing ever in 20 foot seas, we made a similar calculation without speaking. The boat slowly came in toward the rocks to, first, take a line attached to our gear drums. We were to wait for the second pass when the drums were safely on the boat.

All day we had climbed in clear weather and we had watched the schools of large sharks swim around and around the Pyramid. We knew they were there but we couldn't see them now from sea level. We stood there in our flippers on the edge of a ledge with the waves lapping our feet then falling away to reveal the rocks 20 feet below.

As the boat turned at 100 feet out, we threw the rope, they caught it and we tossed off the drums on the crest of the next swell. At that moment a huge wave opened a bombora at 50 feet from the boat. We looked at each other and both dived off on the next wave crest. As we clawed our way into the boat, one of the Lord Howe Islanders was saying over and over "Talk about J.C. walking on the bloody water!" Nobody timed us, but it was a record. When we talked it over later we found we had both thought the same things:

1. Bombora - skipper won't come so close again,
2. Larger the swim, greater the risk,
3. Go.

After a life of constant problem solving you will develop the ability to judge difficulties quickly and accurately. Sometimes you couldn't put into words the steps that lead to the solution, but you will know that the solution you get is based on all the facts.

Does this adventure develop experience and offer any general advantages? Yes - one vital one. There is one common factor in all your adventures - yourself. You cannot, therefore, make an accurate assessment of all the factors unless you can accurately judge yourself.

The final product of an adventurous life, then, is the confidence, the serenity that comes from knowing:

1. Who you are,
2. What you are and
3. Being content with your findings.

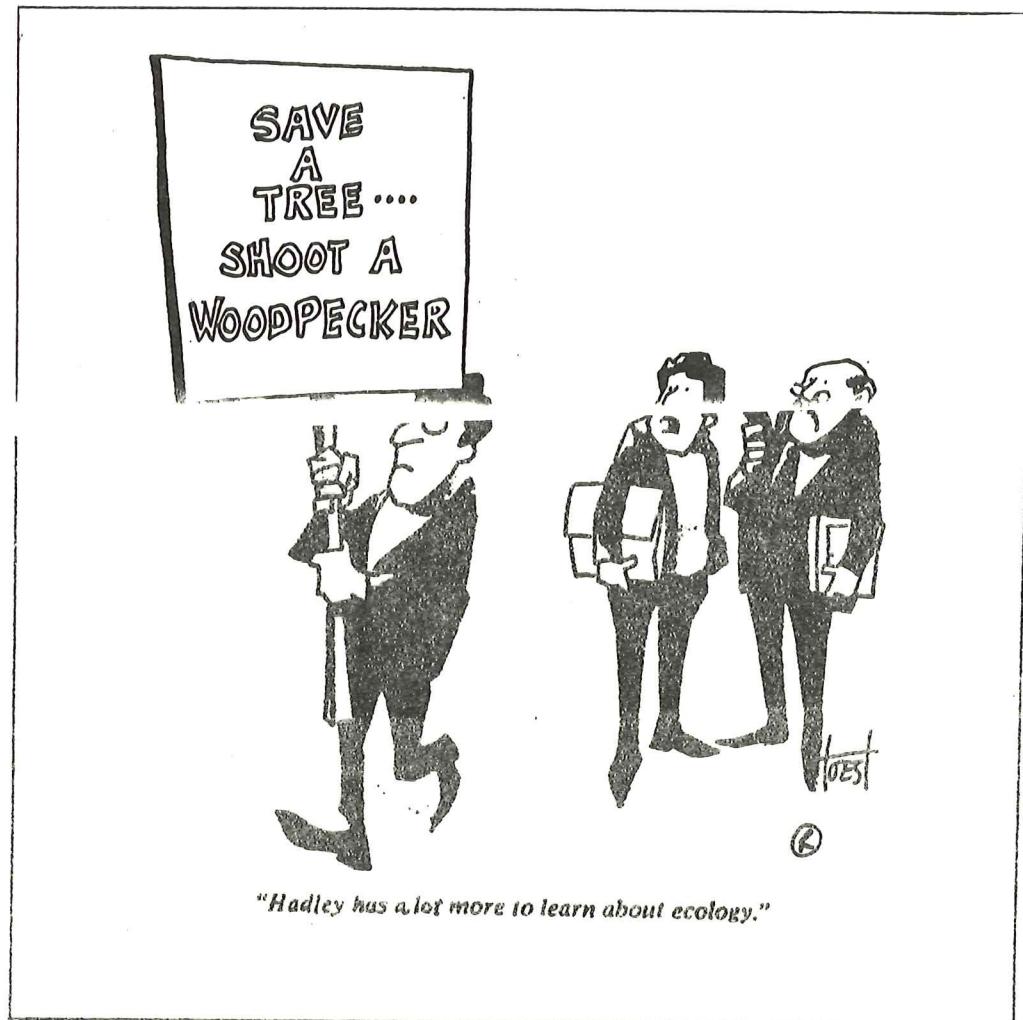
To conclude, this Society gives you the chance to develop skills in several sports that can all be called adventurous. Don't be too specialised, have a go at them all. You will emerge strong from the experience and you will feel the benefit in everything from your chosen career to bringing up your children.

David Roots.

Dave Roots is the club patron and the above is a resume of a talk he gave at a club meeting in 1973. The article also appeared in the M.M.S. Yearbook of 1970.

BALLS PYRAMID

The moving figures climb, and having hit
The summit ridge press on, not all your wit
Shall lure them back to choose another line,
Nor all your jeers wash out the joy of it.



THE CANYONING ALTERNATIVE

The sport of canyoning has grown into one of the most popular summer activities for most Sydney based walking clubs. The sport's attraction is obvious to the initiated, often combining walking, abseiling, swimming and liloing through creeks of unique beauty. The popularised canyons are found scattered throughout a small region of the northern Blue Mountains, some draining into the Grose River Valley and still more draining into the Wollemi, Wollangambe, Dumboro and Rocky Creek areas.

The popularity of such canyons as Bell, Wollongambe, Rocky Creek and Claustral can be traced largely to an article by Dave Noble appearing in the magazine "Australian Wild". This article provides access notes and brief descriptions of the canyons including belay point positions, and rope lengths required. Thus a canyoneer can approach recognised canyons, knowing, in part, what to expect. The descriptions are so brief as to detract little from the descent of such a canyon, but Noble does grade the canyons and does give value judgements on some. Thus a reader will approach a canyon with particular expectations that may or may not be fulfilled. This can be avoided by the alternative canyoning I will suggest.

However, the major incentive for this alternative is simply one of diversity and canyon quality, for the canyons in Noble's article can all be done in a very easy season. The exciting thing is that Noble's article has but touched the surface of a staggering and exciting wealth of canyoned creeks. The now familiar day trip to a recognised canyon can be supplemented if not replaced, by extended trips covering any number of creeks and creek systems from the Bells Line of Road through to Glen Davis and beyond. There is no method in determining which creeks have constrictions, one just looks down them all. The excitement of canyoning is enhanced by the unexpected, first in finding a constriction them in the descent if the constriction is sustained. There will be unknown swims and drops of unknown height, and the canyon walls will take on a different aspect, that of an enclosure. Each abseil is contemplated carefully, for a foolhardy descent, with no method of return could result in being trapped; a change in attitude toward canyons quickly follows.

The diversity is staggering and the canyon quality excellent. They seem truly untouched, some having the occasional scuff mark of volley on moss, but no slings, no bolts, in fact often no belays! There is indeed a vast reserve of unexploited green gold which can be found, not through following others, but through one's own aspirations. The thrill of discovery and of the unexpected enhances a canyon's intrinsic beauty and feeling, so try this alternative and be surprised by it's scope!

Mike Wilson.

WALKERS' NATIONAL ANTHEM

TUNE: Onward Christian Soldiers

Fellers of Bushwalking,
Bludgers, coves and coots,
Shift yer bloody carcasses,
Move yer bloody boots,
Hitch yer bloody rucksack
To a bloody star,
And leave yer bloody troubles,
To S. and bloody R.

Get a bloody move on,
Make the bloody station,
Learn the bloody art of
Navi-bloody-gation.

Climbers, trogs and skiers.
Save yer bloody cash,
Giver up yer bloody folly,
Giver bushwalking a bash!
Pack yer bloody sleeping bag,
Grab a flask of rum,
And boot yer other bloody gear
To Kingdom-Bloody-Come.

How's Feder-bloody-ation
Going to expand,
Unless you bloody walkers
Lend a bloody hand?
Heave yer bloody apathy
Down a bloody chasm,
Hump yer bloody rucksack with
Enthusi-bloody-asn!

MUD, GLORIOUS MUD

Mud, mud, glorious mud
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood,
So follow me, follow down to the hollow,
And there let us wallow in glorious mud!

S & R SONG

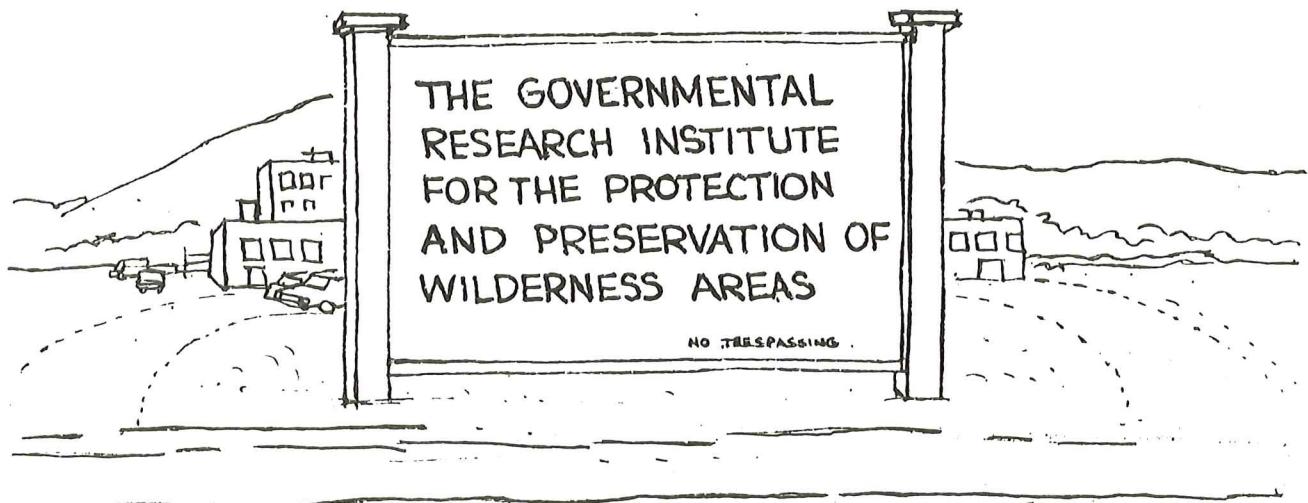
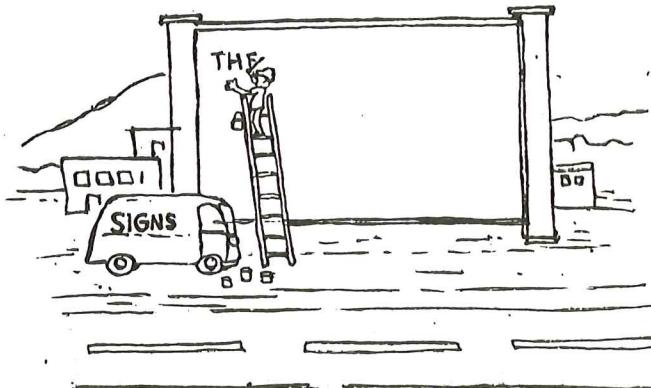
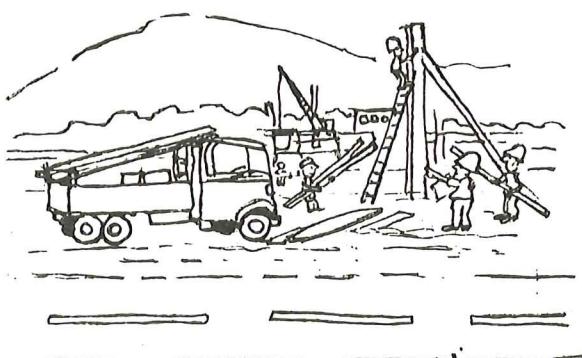
TUNE: Men of Harlech

What's the use of cops with truncheon
String bag packed with one cut luncheon
Slippery leather soles to crunch on
Trudging out afar?
News reporters go to pieces
Where the city pavement ceases
Never risk their trouser creases
Leave their grog and car.
Bobbies to your station!
Newsmen your sensation!
Better far to breast a bar or raid a two-up
joint for relaxation
Hikers straying, so dismayed,
Sozzled news reporters loudly braying,
Farmers cursing, parents praying
Call in S and R.

UNTITLED

But in that final burst
Was Hillary there first,
Or Sherpa Tensing, Tiger of the Snows?

Photo over: Keith Williams on the walls.



Endean



THE VEGAN BUSHWALKER

Many walkers who follow a vegetarian or vegan (i.e. excluding all animal products) diet may wish to extend their ethical principles to include all other items of bushwalking gear. This can be done in many ways and not necessarily at greater cost:

CLOTHING

The most commonly used animal product for clothing is wool. The production of wool involves cruelty to animals on a scale equal to and in some cases greater than that of animal flesh for eating. For example, in an operation called "mulesing", sections of skin as wide as 164 mm and as deep as 94 mm are cut from the tails of unanaesthetised sheep and lambs, often by unskilled workers. This is supposed to prevent flyblowing: it is extremely painful, is not always successful, and does not prevent infection in other areas of the body. Also, many lambs die of cold after their first shearing, and the Australian climate presents fatal extremes of drought and flood to all sheep.

The advantage of wool to bushwalkers is that it remains warm when it gets wet. There are many products available which are equal to or better than wool in this regard. Fibrepile jackets are light, comfortable (not itchy) and remain quite warm when soaking wet. Fibrepile material can be bought by the metre to make other items of clothing. Thermal underwear such as Lifa and Peter Storm are well known for their superior insulating qualities. Mittens, balaclavas and socks are all available in these materials. The extra money you spend on these products is more than made up for by a) your peace of mind, and b) the money you save by not eating meat.

FOOTWEAR

The boots versus sandshoes debate has been running hotly for many years, and anyone who cannot decide which to use may wish to consider the ethical aspect. Leather obviously involves the slaughter of animals, and although you may think it is only a by-product of the meat industry, it makes an important contribution to the profitability of that industry. If you do not eat meat you should not use leather. Sandshoes are lighter and more comfortable than boots, and do not cause blisters. I have walked extensively with sandshoes in such rugged areas as south-west Tasmania, and suffered less foot damage than those wearing boots.

SLEEPING BAGS

The production of down involves the death of dozens of chickens just for one bag. While the synthetic alternatives are heavier and bulkier than down, they are perfectly adequate, as well as cheaper. The technology of synthetics is gradually improving and will probably surpass down in the near future. It just depends on whether you feel easier carrying the weight of a heavier bag or the weight of many needless deaths for your own personal comfort.

RUCKSACKS

Although leather is no longer widely used in rucksacks, it is worth considering the presence of leather straps and other fittings when choosing a new pack.

SPECIESISM:

If you feel that it is not important to consider the rights of non-human animals in your daily life, it is because you are guilty of a prejudice called "speciesism". This is the notion that humans are more worthy of consideration and compassion than other animals, even though other animals are equally capable of suffering both physical and emotional pain. The prevalence of this view in our society has resulted in the extreme and totally futile suffering of thousands of millions of innocent animals in industries which only consider the "needs" of humans and, above all, the "need" to make money. There is a lot you can do to ease this problem, the most important of which is becoming a vegetarian, or preferably a vegan. This, of course has the added benefit of greatly improving your health and reducing your cost of living. For a greater appreciation of this important issue, I recommend that you read a book called Animal Liberation by Peter Singer. There are copies in the library, or I can lend you a copy.

Steve Moss.



VANISHING FALLS EXPEDITION

The lure of great remoteness and the intriguingly mystical nature of the name was enough to prompt a two week expedition into this area. The falls, visited first in 1972 provided a spectrum of potential routes, the most reknowned of which is following the Salisbury River down to the falls from P.B. low Comp.

Variety being the spice of life we devised a route which entailed a traverse of the Southern Ranges to Precipitous Bluff, a skyline traverse of P.B. and then a battle along the flat and nondescript spur to the north of P.B. into the Salisbury and the falls. From here we would follow the Salisbury River downstream then up Bob's knob to Mt Bobs and then out via Farmhouse Creek.

The attitude we took to this trip was a pioneering one knowing little about the feasibility of the skyline traverse of P.B. or the ferocity of the scrub off this almost totally unexplored northern end of bluff. Thus a variety of excitement, anxiety and intrepidation were felt towards the trip.

We set off from Lune River laiden with two weeks of food and vast quantities of fuel along the South Ranges towards P.B. For the first three days we were treated to typical Tassi weather as we moved along the windswept and exposed terrain, being buffeted by strong gusting winds, treated to poor visibility and generous lashings of rain. Because of the nature of the weather, progress was slow, spending half a day in the cave under the waterfall below Wily Plateau which was an experience in itself.

Day four saw the attainment of P.B., a clearing of weather and a rising of spirits as we were treated to the most spectacular sunset imaginable with the red brilliance of the setting sun placed aesthetically behind the coast and islands which were shrouded in a gown of glowing orange cloud.

Providence having its way, day five was a dry clear day which was essential for the most unknown and precarious part of the trip; our skyline traverse of P.B. This entailed quite a large amount of enforced exposed scrambling as we weaved our way along the truncated craggy bluff encountering many dead ends and much intricate route findings. This was both exciting and rewarding with it's exceptional views of Victoria Cross, our route along the Southern Ranges and our dubiously flat 'spur' which meandered out towards the Salisbury. Descent from the bluff was made down a steep narrow slot which sidled elegantly onto our spur.

Once off the exposed bluff and in the midst of a multitude of potential campsites, Hughie demonstrated his overwhelming control as he hurled an abrupt thunderstorm in our general direction as we covered in the tents.

The agenda for the next three days was to be a mixture of early rain, low cloud and occasional clear patches as we weaved our way through the sustained and obstinate horizontal scrub with it's dashes of tea tree and bauera for variety. The scrub also contained conveniently positioned King Billy Pines which provided excellent vantage points to check bearings and progress. There was also an elusive variety of scrub, the button grass patches, which emerged punctually at 5.30 pm each evening, providing comfortable and decadent camping.

Late on day eight, we emerged from the labyrinth of scrub which had been compressed and contorted under the abnormally heavy snow falls of the previous winter. The Salisbury was a pleasant change as these creatures of the scrub rapidly evolved and leapt from rock to rock.

That evening was spent on the Salisbury River 200 metres above the falls, consuming the premature celebratory cheese cakes with vigour as we anticipated the falls the next day with great excitement while being slightly subdued by the more ominous thought that we are in scrub..."stept so far, that should we wade no more returning would be as tedious as to go o'er:" (Macbeth Act III sc IV).

The next day we moved quickly down the river and stopped abruptly as it plummetted about 60 m into a picturesque pool surrounded by an amphitheatre of limestone cliffs. The power of the falls and the overwhelming feeling of excitement at attaining our major goal was expressed as screams and cheers were exchanged in our initial jubilation.

Once at the bottom we sat in awe, admiring the beauty, strength and majesty of the falls with it's almighty torrents of water and galloping spray which leapt gracefully across the pool harbouring a superb rainbow. This was truly a shrine and jewel of the South West leaving a lasting impression upon myself and other members of the party.

After the falls the river disappeared underground leaving 2.5 km of clear creek walking through fern-clad limestone formations. The water returned as quickly and as unexpectedly as it had disappeared making movement difficult as we waded waist deep in water to the base of Bob's knobs. Here an act of de-evolution occurred as we returned to the scrub.

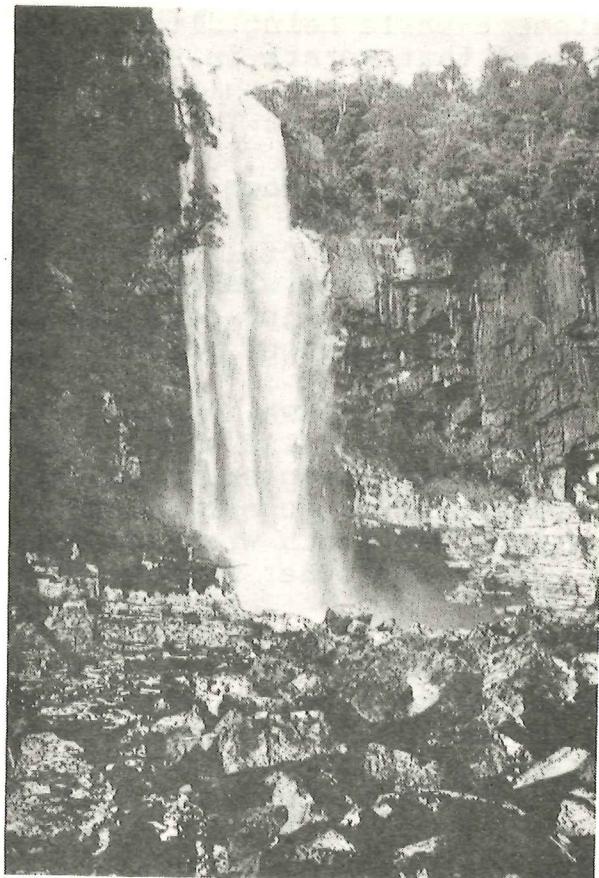
The next three days were spent traversing the knobs through initially thick horizontal scrub which merged into attractive beech and pandani forests with excellent views of P.B., Southern Ranges, Federation, Hartz and an occasional glimpse of the treasured falls.

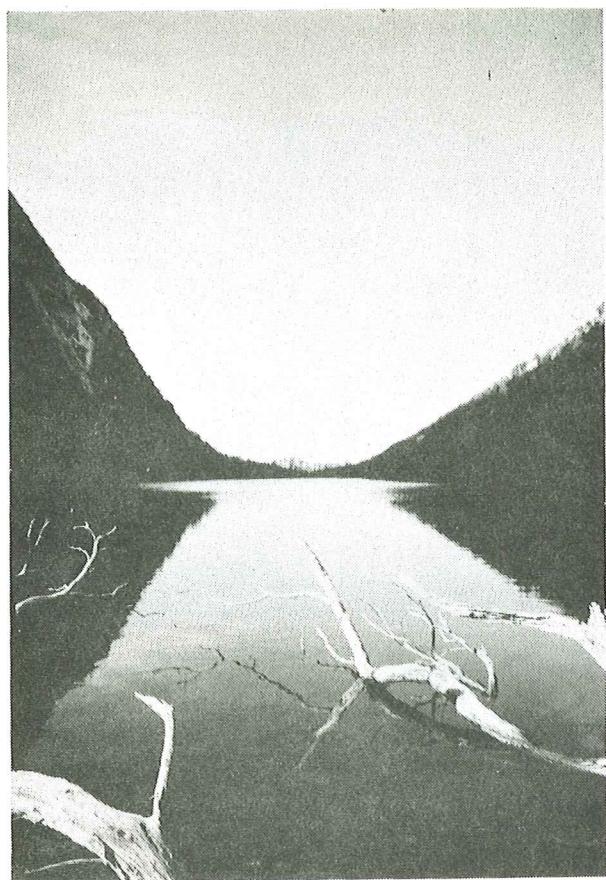
Lunch on day twelve was spent on the cushion clad Mt Bobs as we emerged from the scrub and basked as reptiles in the sun after shedding our sweaty scrub armour for the last time.

At this point in time these creatures embarked upon their greatest and most disturbing evolutionary step. They began to lust for custard tarts, blueberry pies, coconut ices and all those other evil and sacrelicous niceties of the Sandy Bay Cake and Pie Shop, and in doing so, became alienated from their Mac cheeses, rice stodge and all those other monosodium glutamate life sustainants. With these corrupt thoughts now entrenched firmly in their small minds the "scrub dogs" rose from all fours, vowed never to growl at, bite, or in any way molest or mame, scrub, and ran madly towards civilization.

R. Mackillop

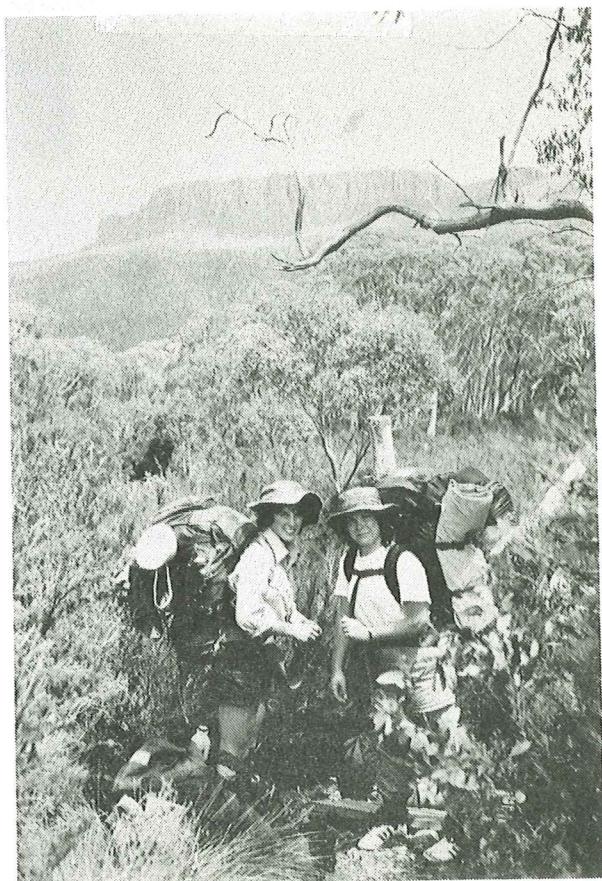
Photo: Vanishing Falls





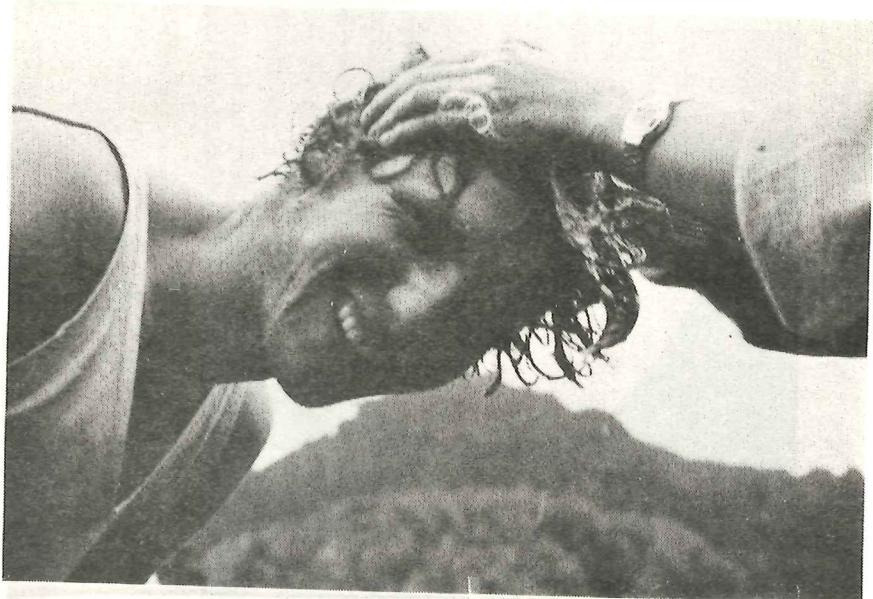
Left: Lake Maconochie

Below: Gear and all going overland



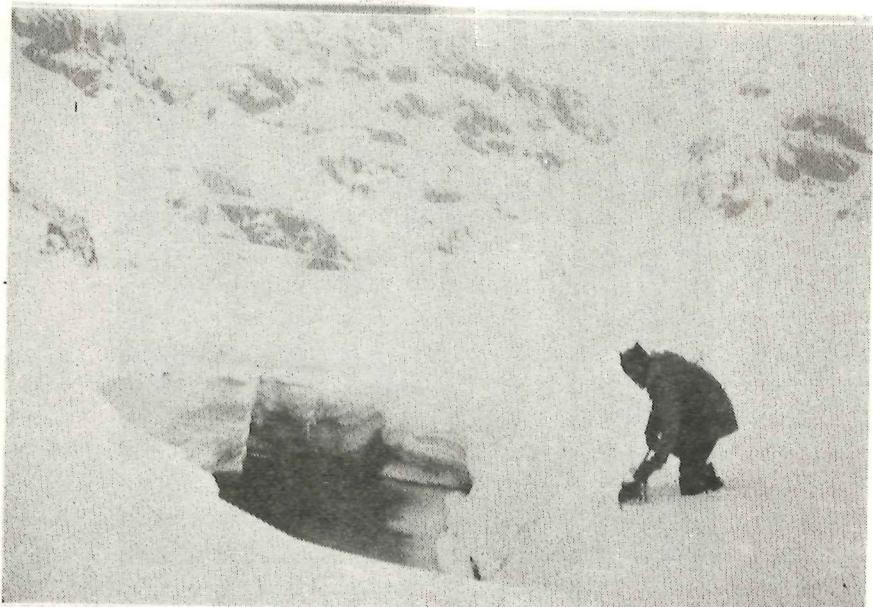
Left: The alternative! (P. 9).

Right: Drips Tirector??



Left: Skiing 1984 or
1894?

Right: The 'Aging Patriach'
John B. at Blue Lake



THE WILDERNESS SOCIETY - STILL ALIVE & DEFINITELY KICKING

The name may have changed but the spirit remains the same. Since the victory of saving the Franklin River in July '83. TWS has broadened its outlook and changed its name. No longer the Tasmanian Wilderness Society, TWS has nationalized and become The Wilderness Society. With things improving in South-West Tassie, it was time to look to the mainland! And there are certainly plenty of issues in Australia for TWS and other conservation bodies to get their teeth into.

At present, TWS is running three major Australia-wide campaigns aimed at preserving wilderness. The most prominent one is the battle to save the Daintree Rainforest. The Daintree is a major part of the wet tropical rainforest recommended for World Heritage Listing by the Australian Heritage Commission and is our only remaining coastal rainforest wilderness. The area is rich in primitive flowering plants of world-wide significance, and as well, contains a huge diversity of life-forms, many of which are as yet un-named. However, the area faces many threats including logging, real estate development and mining. The most immediate threat is the bulldozing of a 34 km road from Cape Tribulation to Bloomfield. The road is unsealed and during rain (a not-unusual occurrence in tropical areas!) has proved unstable - eroding rapidly and possibly causing siltation damage to the fringing Great Barrier Reef. Blockades were held in December 1983 and August 1984, and were effective in as much as they delayed the roadworks and created much-needed publicity. Despite this, the road was officially opened in September, but soon after, heavy rain caused extensive damage to the unsealed road. The cost of creating a sealed all-weather road is estimated by the Queensland Government to be in the order of \$70 million. TWS, ACF and other conservation bodies are urging the Federal Government to nominate the whole Wet Tropics area for World Heritage listing to ensure the protection of this area. So far, these appeals have provoked no signs of serious action from the government.

Meanwhile, TWS has not forgotten its origins. Much of the South-West Tassie Wilderness remains in doubt. Its value lies in the fact it is a large area of undeveloped temperate rainforest with significant cultural aspects and spectacular natural features. TWS is continuing a campaign for a truly world class national park, free from mining, forestry and hydro-electric construction. The Western Tasmania National Park would preserve core areas of wilderness, while maintaining tourist facilities in the buffer regions, and have a total area of 1.76 million hectares. If properly managed, the whole of Western Tasmania's wilderness could be protected as a national park.

Finally in the third and long-term campaign, TWS is involved in compiling a National Wilderness Strategy, the goal of which is the establishment of an Australia-wide wilderness preservation system by the bicentennial in 1988, (and which will hopefully signal the end of rearguard-action conservation battles!). This will involve surveys and classification of Australia's natural areas, a national education program and a campaign for wilderness legislation at State and Federal levels. It is hoped that by 1988 we will be able to guarantee the preservation of some of our land in its wild condition of 200 years ago.

As well, TWS is interested in the management of other wilderness areas such as Kosciusko National Park, the Gippsland area of Victoria, Kakadu National Park and the Antarctic. In order to run these campaigns, active members of TWS have been busy organizing rallies, demonstrations and bushdances (well attended by members of MMS!), as well as supervising the running of the wilderness shop and office. All this takes the time and effort of TWS members and supporters, but they are bound together in the spirit of wilderness and in the knowledge that the wilderness needs friends!

Michelle Leishman

EXTRACTS FROM THE WILDERNESS DIARY 1984

"It is a tragedy that some vanity is being satisfied in walking over the heritage of the world".

Yehudi Menuhin

"The fewer laws passed about the environment the better..... the real control of the use of natural resources will be through the education of the ordinary man.

Garfield Barwick

STEM THE WILD DIHEDRAL*

Doogan, Kev, D.K. and the small guy set out on a Saturday to boldly go where no one else had ever bothered to go - a new cliff on the Hawkesbury River near the bustling metropolis of Spencer. The usual cups of tea at everyone's places meant that valuable climbing time was slip-sliding away. No worries. Once on the highway, a flick of a switch shifted "the dart" into hyperspace (you know, just like Star Wars), meaning we arrived at Spencer before drinking the last cup of tea at D.K.'s.

The day was to be serious - so we bought a case of Tooheys Lite rather than Draught at Spencer's one and only shop, and headed off to where a "great line" had been spotted on the cliff. The problem was that a hill was between us and the crag. Anyway, after much slipping, swearing and spilling of liquid gold, the cliff base presented itself to us for inspection.

"First impressions often lie". The crag was not as high as it looked from the road, it was broken up by large, sandy ledges, and the "great line" couldn't be found, so we tried a gently angled corner that looked O.K. Doogan led off, throwing down heaps of little flakes that broke as soon as he touched them - an experience not to be missed. The general consensus was that the climb was appalling, though Kev said he "liked it".

Hiding just around the next arete was a much better possibility - an overhanging, rounded layback below an offwidth crack with nasty sharp grains to scratch our delicate hands, knees, arms, noses and chins. This was to be a climb destined for classic status, an aesthetic line that epitomised all that was great about riding surfboards and lighting incinerators. A climb that future generations would flock to and thrust their greasy paws into wherever they could fit, and be awestruck at the number of broken holds. A climb that could be an inspiration for an '80's society - until we got to it.

The first 5 metres was the crux, but Kev devised a variant start. After Doogan ascended (properly) and was belaying, Kev climbed a tree near the base of the cliff, yelled "tight rope" and swung across to a nearby higher tree, doing some very efficient lapping of dead branches as he went. At the top of this tree, another "tight rope" call saw Kev, with grin from ear to ear, swing in a gigantic arc and grab the large jugs above the crux - then just a simple matter of jamming/laybacking up the offwidth corner.

* Do you always look at footnotes first?

After the laughter, chalk and dust had settled, a unanimous decision to leave saw us back at "the dart", eating twisties that we had caught in a trap previously set at the side of the road near the watering hole where twistie herds come to drink, socialise, and to replenish their supplies of monosodium glutamate.

An even quicker trip home saw us wolfing down fried rice in the local Chinese food selling and fire cracker-making establishment with our dirty, sweaty, blood and chalk stained hands much to the disgust of the other diners in their oh-so-nice Brogue shirts and brand new Faberge jeans. After a round of quadrophonic burps and belches and other anti-social noises, we left to contemplate the day's activities with a Bex, strong cup of tea and a good lie down.

Mike Job

THE TREE

Ye who pass by and would raise your hand against me,
hearken ere you harm me.
I am the heat of your hearth on the cold nights, the
friendly shade screening you from the summer sun; and
my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as
you journey on. I am the beam that holds your house,
the bed on which you lie, and the timber that builds your
boat. I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your home -
stead, the wood of your cradle, and the shell of your
coffin.
I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty.

Ye who pass by, listen to my prayer:

'Harm me not'.

- On a tree in a Spanish Park.

EXTRACT FROM A DIARY

Place: "The Footstool" - a 9,000m Peak in Mt Cook National Park.

Date: Friday 28th January, 1983.

Up at three, away by four. The lights of the "Hermitage" twinkled far below us. The night is dark. We crunch up the hard snow in silence, sometimes finding steps to use, often losing them and making our own. The snow slope steepens somewhat, and Mike occasionally pulls out his headlamp to scan the slope for footprints. Well this was it, we were finally underway.

The sky grew lighter in the east, so that our summit was now visible overhead. Sidled across a steep snow slope, crossed two bergachrunds and then pigeon-holed up towards a break in the ridge line.

We soon entered a snow bowl between the "sky-line" ridge and the main divide. The bowl was fairly protected and it was dawn. A red sun broke through the narrow gap between black mountains and equally black clouds.

It was a sinister dawn. High grey cloud was shimming across from the west. The top of Cook was already covered and the cloud ceiling was dropping rapidly. An eerie light played on the Mount Cook Range across the valley.

We had to move fast. After a few quick photos of the dawn, we commenced the steep snow climb from the main divide. My calves were aching from the front pointing. Before the cloud dropped, we could see down into the Copeland Valley; a grey, forbidding valley, deep and snow clad.

I knew a decision was needed on whether to turn back. Mike kept ahead of me. The top must be close. Let's push on just a little further.

We stepped from the calf aching slope onto a ridge top, and into the grip of gale force winds. Could that be the summit just up there? We press on perhaps beyond commonsense. Two snow slopes later, and we were standing in a saddle. I always find the summit push the hardest. Must be psychological.

Only a short rock scramble to the summit. My only thoughts were on getting down safely. Mike quickly mounted his camera on his ice axe, and I had a handful of seroggin. My jacket was covered in ice. The waist belt of my pack was frozen stiff. We could only stand with our heads bowed against the wind. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

A skin of ice covered the rock as we descended. I was feeling cold, but didn't want to stop to put on my pile jacket in the wind. Mike belayed me down off the snow slope. Were we going the right way? I felt we were too far over on the Copeland side. Visibility was dismal. The rope between us kept catching on the ice.

That must be the snow bowl. I stop to put on pile jacket and overpants. Warm at last. My hat promptly blew off and was last seen tumbling up the slope into oblivion.

Found our earlier foot prints - relief. Conditions were returning to the norm. We dumped the tangled rope in my pack and carefully retraced our steps. The eastern snow slopes were protected from the wind, and emotions of safety and relief flowed back into me. The hut was now visible through the drizzle. I took my time, pausing to look down into the valley. Deep snow on the final slopes, and we slide down on our bums rather than wade through it.

The hut! Off with wet clothes and into sleeping bags. Warmth.....peace....a steamy, hot cup of soup.....a leisurely lunch of lettuce and cheese on bread.....games of chess and backgammon.....dozing off to sleep.

I think under these conditions we should have turned back. There's no sense in gaining the top of a stack of rocks when you can't see anything. Then again, I feel satisfied that we reached our objective. We had climbed the Footstool! I looked forward to sitting on the lawn in Mt Cook village with Mike, gazing up at it's sharp summit and thinking....."Yep, we've done it!"

Mike said the retreat in bad weather was a good experience. As far as I'm concerned, it's only good experience after you have survived!

Derek Stellar

"I say therefore that he is an enemy of nature, whosoever has not deemed lofty mountains to be worthy of contemplation".

Conrad Gesner.

SO YOU WANT TO GO TOURING.....

A bicycle is essential. Gears are an option which relate more to your style of touring than touring itself. Some people will make do with a single speed coaster bike; gears merely allow you to travel faster over undulating terrain. Lower gears are good for pulling up a long mountain range with minimum effort.

Alloy rims are lighter and have a higher braking efficiency, especially in the wet. Tyres should be robust enough to withstand dirt road touring and preferably should be 27 x 1 1/4 for dirt road use.

Racks should be steel, and designed to carry panniers which can be bought or hired. Water bottles in cages fixed to the frame are very handy as one may drink while riding instead of stopping and getting a canteen from the panniers.

ON THE ROAD - Take it easy starting off; ease into the rhythm of riding and don't strain the first day of riding. After that your body will find it's own comfortable touring pace.

FOOD - being on a bicycle, weight is not as critical as bushwalking so more fresh food can be carried instead of dried food. On the road, tourers can buy fruit from roadside stalls and country towns. Plastic refillable squeeze tubes are good for honey, jam and butter in summer.

CAMPING - Do not camp within sight of a road if you can help it, cyclists have been harassed at night before. Approach landowners for permission to use their land, or just pull off the road into the bush if possible.

GEAR LIST

Panniers - for short trips only rear longer trips front and rear with 40:60 weight distribution with heaviest objects at bottom.

Tools

- 2 tyre levers
- Puncture repair kit
- Spare inner tube
- Pump (make sure it fits)
- Spoke key
- Screwdriver (small)
- Allen key (6,9 mm)
- Small shifter 6"
- Gear and Brake cables

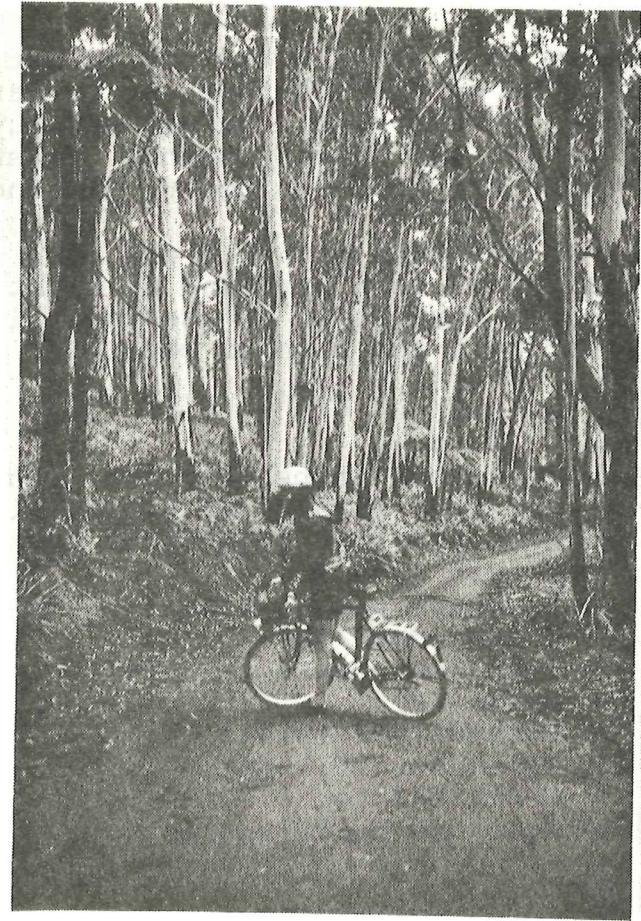
These tools should suffice for most trips; for longer trips other tools should be carried also.

CLOTHING - try to keep garments streamlined as this will make riding easier. A few light jumpers are warmer and more flexible than a single large one. A waterproof jacket should be carried in the event of rain. For the fanatic, cycling shorts with a chamois insert are more comfortable than other shorts and cycling shoes than other shoes.

Do not underestimate windchill when riding quickly in cold areas - it is important to keep knees and kidneys warm - tracksuit pants are good.

The first road maps in Australia were made for cyclists before cars ever came here, so Reclaim the Road and get on the bike to go touring.

D. Gore



SO YOU THINK YOU'RE A GOOD SKIER?

TRY THIS QUICK QUIZ!

1. Steel and Aluminium edges on skis are designed to:
 - a) Enable easier turning on icy patches
 - b) Add heaps of extra weight to your feet
 - c) Slice your boots up when you fall
 - d) Cut food and spread jam in case you lose your knife.
2. Bindings only attach at the toe because:
 - a) This lets you ski uphill, along plains and downhill
 - b) The makers like to laugh when they think of the difficulties you have when trying to turn
 - c) It allows snow to ball-up between your boots and the skis
 - d) You can then clip in directly with toes if you lose a boot.
3. Heel-locaters were originally designed to:
 - a) Improve technique
 - b) Break your ankles
 - c) Make money for obscure Norwegian plastics manufacturers
 - d) Give you a "cowboy" image with spurs on the back of your boots.
4. You're skiing on the Main Range when a blizzard hits.
Do you:
 - a) Get out of the wind and pitch a tent or dig a snow cave
 - b) Keep skiing, hoping that the weather will clear
 - c) Panic and ski in circles
 - d) Cry
5. A group of turkeys asks you directions to a hut. Do you:
 - a) Actually tell them the right way
 - b) Tell them anything except the right way
 - c) Pretend to be a Spanish mountain guide who does not speak English and say "keh"!
 - d) Pretend to be a Yowie and make foul smells.
6. You find a scout with a broken leg, broken skis, first stages of hypothermia, leprosy, scurvy, beri-beri and malaria. Do you:
 - a) Help him/her
 - b) Laugh
 - c) Laugh louder
 - d) Laugh loudest

7. You are skiing down a treeless slope but start going too fast. Do you:
 - a) Fall over
 - b) Turn across the hill and slow down
 - c) Go straight down the hill for the sheer thrill of the speed but end up in a tree or creek.
 - d) Hope that you can stop by pushing your stocks in the snow, but end up being impaled by them and in considerable pain.
8. The downhill skiers at Perisher look at your grotty attire in disgust. Do you:
 - a) Ignore them
 - b) Stare back at them, especially the females with really tight ski skins
 - c) Steal their lift tickets
 - d) Vomit on their parkas.
9. The best thing about staying in a hut is:
 - a) Shelter, fireplace, usually a table chairs etc
 - b) Easiness of preparation of food
 - c) The rats
 - d) Sharing with ten imbeciles who insist on singing campfire songs, and telling excruciatingly bad jokes while burning Alliance freeze-dried food and complaining about the cold, the weather, mohair strips, fish scales, mica and dirty underwear.
10. I go skiing:
 - a) Because it is health-promoting
 - b) Because it is fun and to enjoy the scenery
 - c) To laugh at others falling over
 - d) To drink beer at the Lake Jindabyne Hotel

If you answered a) to all the above questions, you need psychological help immediately. All other answers are acceptable. Those who answered d) to all questions will be required to submit a 10,000 word essay on "why snow is cold" or "the physics of snowball motion" in time for your next ski trip. Do not stray from the topic. Irrelevant material will be penalised. Consult your colleagues by all means but when it comes to submitting your ideas to paper do all your own thinking, drawing and writing. I mention this elementary point of scholarly behaviour because in the past some students have transgressed it and

M. R. J.

MACQUARIE UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING SOCIETY

1984 MEMBERSHIP LIST AS OF NOVEMBER, 1984

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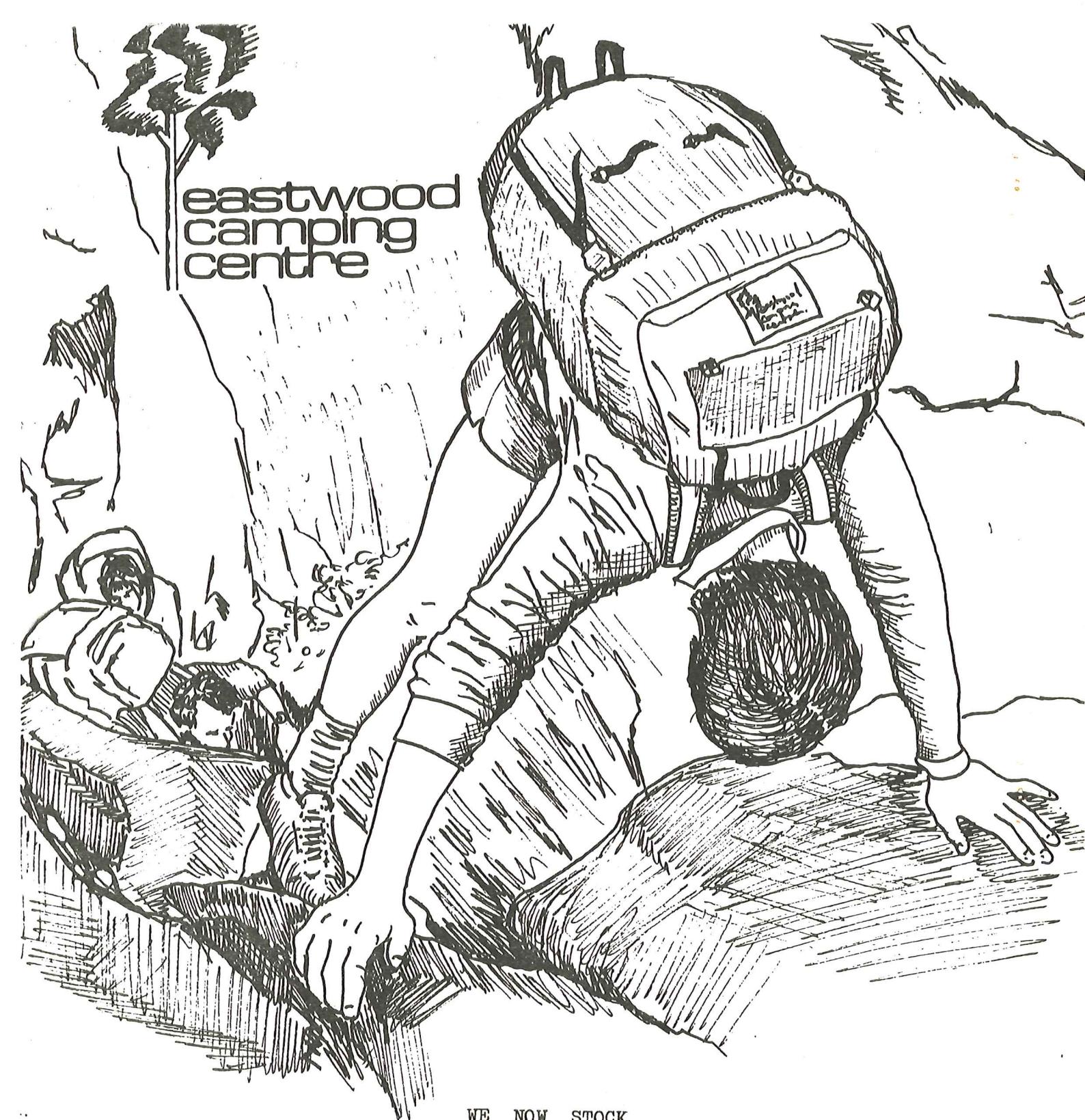
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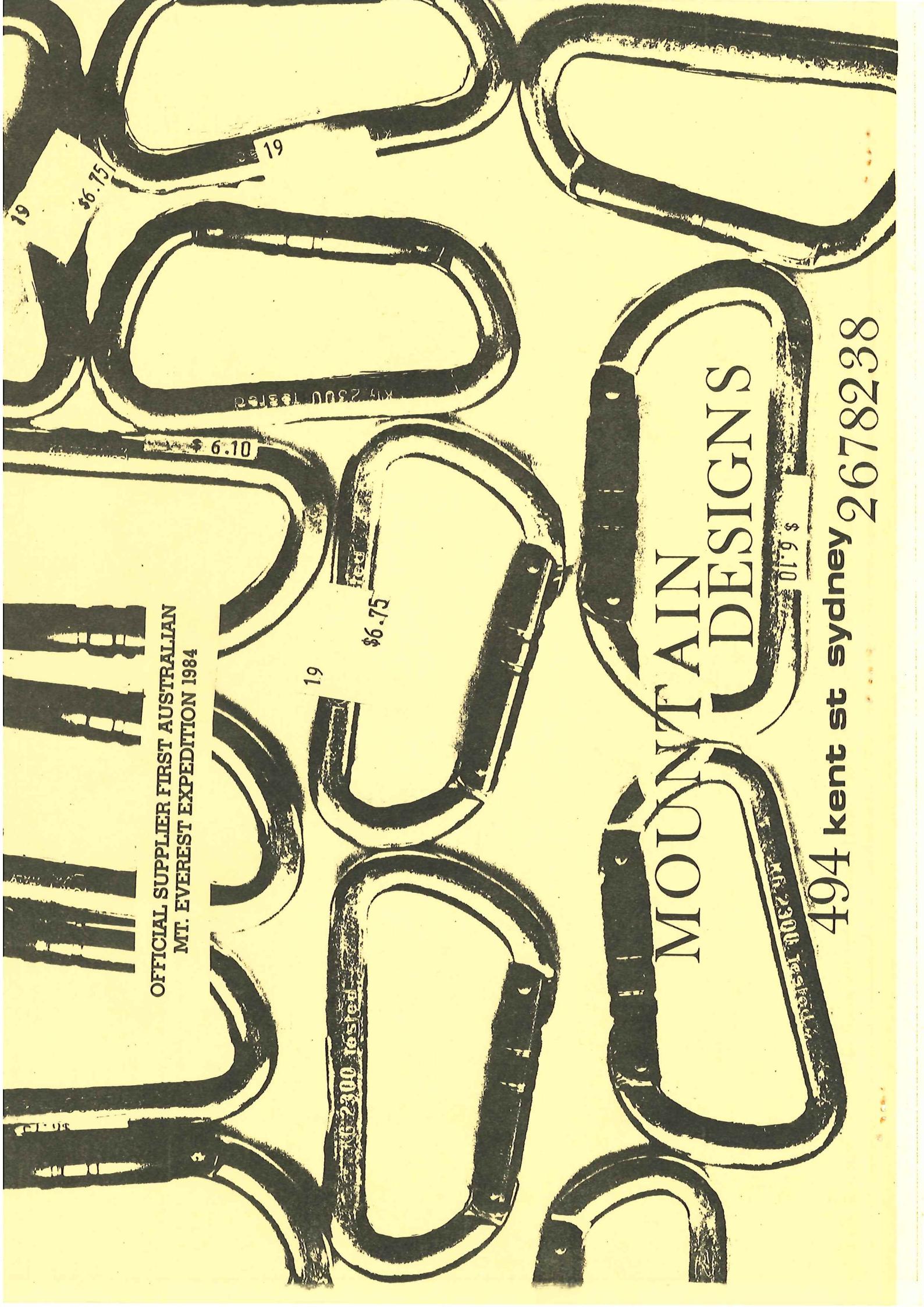


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